CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS!

12 crown (12)

15p.

TV COMIC

Number 1540
Every Friday 26th June 1981

NO TV COMIC PRIZES FOR RINGING IN! YOU HAVE TO GET A LETTER PUBLISHED!
BUZBY
TOM and JERRY
IT'S TIME WE IRONED THINGS OUT, RODENT!
SILLY ME! THE IRON ISN'T PLUGGED IN!
I'M OFF!
SIZZLE!
THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK! HUH? WHERE'S HE GONE?
THIS SHOULD TAKE THE STEAM OUT OF TOM!
click!
ERRK! THE IRONING BOARD IS FOLDING UP!
SLAM!
CRACK!
SOMETIMES HE CREASES ME!

Continued on Page 2 . . .

NNNNNNGH!
GUESS TOM'S DREAMS OF GETTING ME HAVE COLLAPSED UNDER HIS FEET...
SQUASH!
WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE? I CAN'T TH-THINK STRAIGHT!
I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT, TOM...
THROB!
...WE WERE SMOOTHING THINGS OUT BETWEEN US— REMEMBER?
SIZZL
YEEARGH!
I DOUBT IF TOM'LL THINK THAT'S FUR-RY FUNNY! I'M OFF!
JERRY'S RIGHT! FOR..
ERK! HE'S AFTER ME ALREADY! MAYBE I CAN MAKE A CLEAN GETAWAY IN THERE!
DRY CLEA
DELE
GRRR! C'MERE, RODENT!
HEY, TOM-CAT! SCAT!
WHERE'S THAT MOG GONE? WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!
GULP! PERHAPS IT WOULD SUIT MY PURPOSE TO HIDE!
BUT...
BACK TO WORK! I'LL STEAM-PRESS THIS SUIT WHILE I'M HERE!
HUH?!!
WHAT HAVE WE HERE...?
MMMMMMMPH!
RECKON TOM'S RUN OUT OF STEAM RIGHT NOW— BUT HE'LL BE LET OFF THE HOOK AGAIN NEXT WEEK! SNIGGER!

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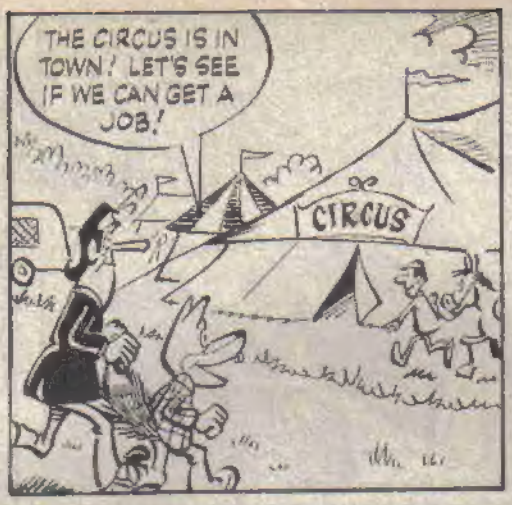
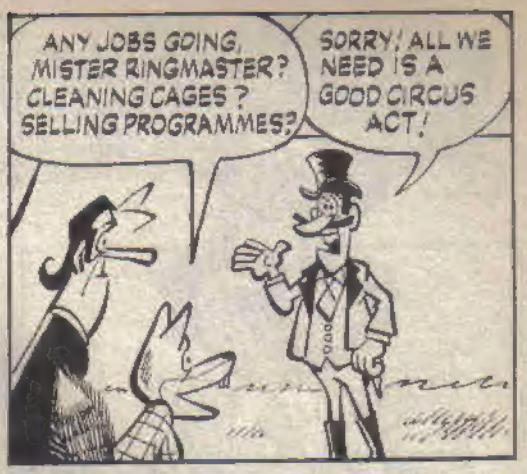
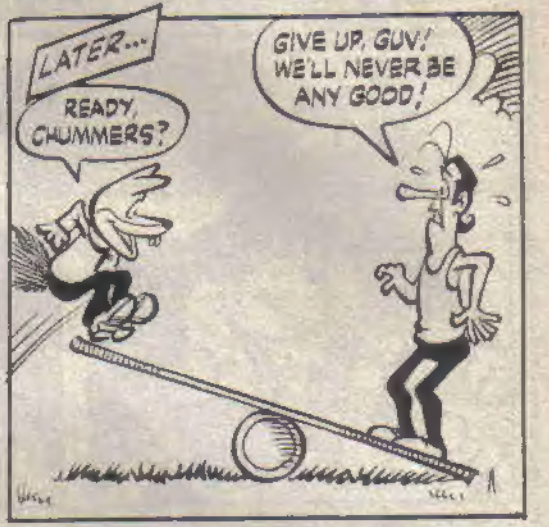
BASIL BRUSH

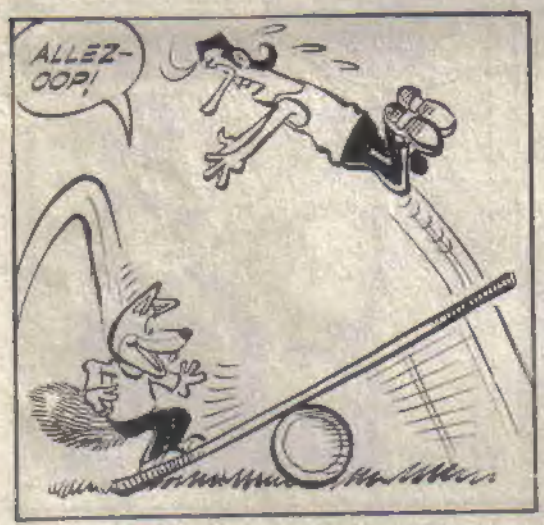

THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET A JOB!
CIRCUS


ANY JOBS GOING, MISTER RINGMASTER? CLEANING CAGES? SELLING PROGRAMMES?
SORRY! ALL WE NEED IS A GOOD CIRCUS ACT!

SO...
GUV! I'M NO GOOD AT THIS SORT OF THING!
KEEP GOING! THIS COULD LAND US A JOB!

SNAP!
OUCH! WE'VE LANDED ALL RIGHT! I KNEW THAT CLOTHES-LINE WOULDN'T 'OLD!
THUMP!


LATER...
READY, CHUMMERS?
GIVE UP, GUV! WE'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD!

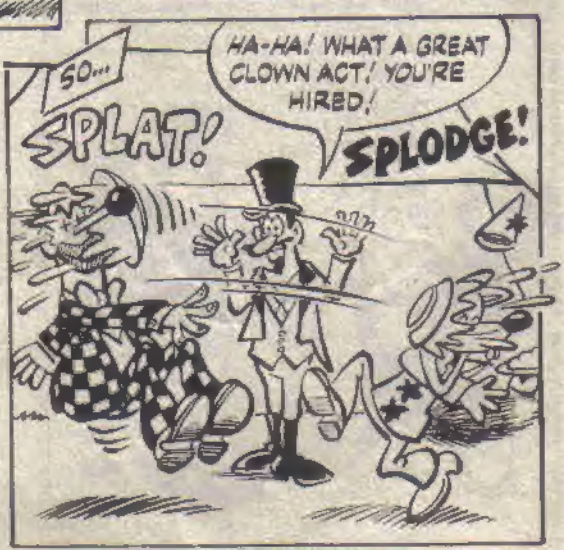

ALLEZ-OOP!

CLONK!
WHERE'S HE GONE?

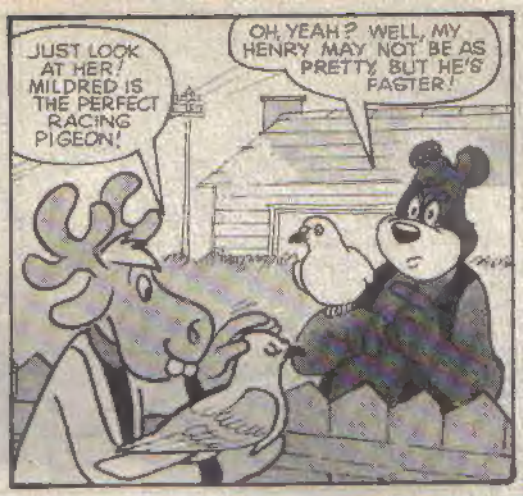
I'VE 'AD ENOUGH! I'M GOIN' IN TO GET ON WITH MY COOKING!

LATER...
CHUMMERS, I'VE HAD A GREAT IDEA FOR A CIRCUS ACT! YOU JUMP BLINDFOLDED OFF A PLATFORM SIXTY FEET UP, WHILE I HOLD A BUCKET OF WATER BELOW, AND...

CLEAR OFF!
HEY! THAT'S AN EVEN BETTER IDEA!
SPLAT!
Dick Millington


SO...
HA-HA! WHAT A GREAT CLOWN ACT! YOU'RE HIRED!
SPLAT!
SPLODGE!

BARNEY BEAR



LATER...
STOP FIDGETING, BARNEY. THE GUARD ONLY RELEASED THEM ABOUT HALF-AN-HOUR AGO!
YOU NEVER KNOW WITH HENRY. HE COULD BE HOME ANY TIME!

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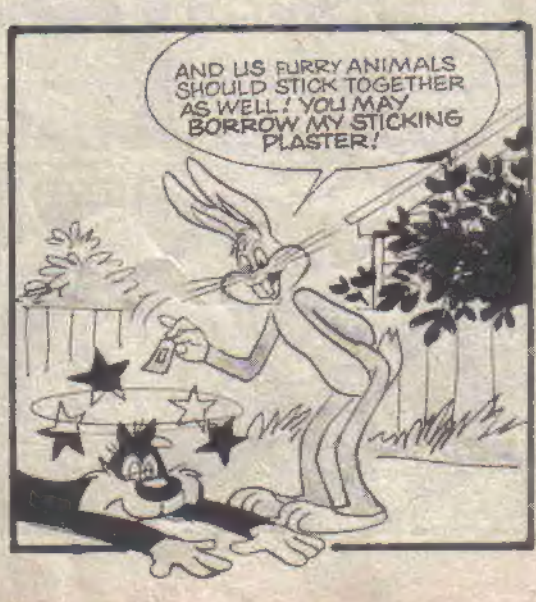
The BUGS BUNNY show



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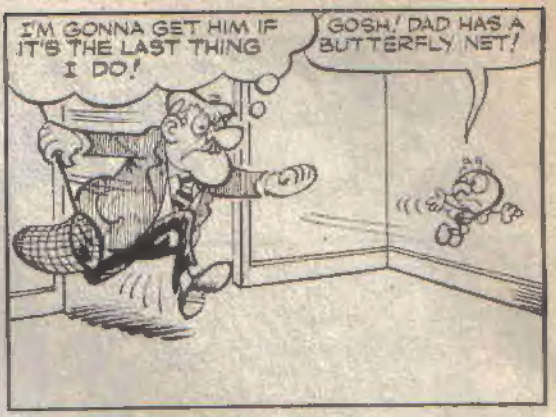
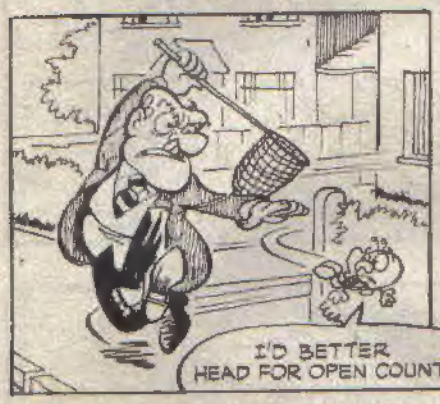
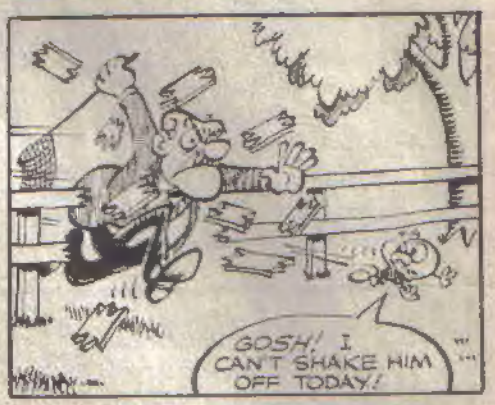
MIGHTY MOTH

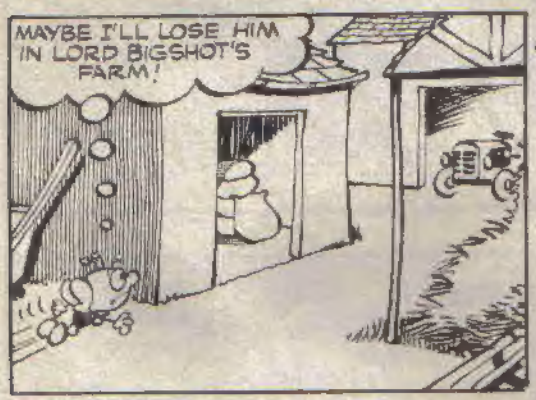
I CAN'T EVEN SIT QUIETLY IN MY FAVOURITE ARMCHAIR WITHOUT THAT MOTH FLUTTERING AROUND!


I'M GONNA GET HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
GOSH! DAD HAS A BUTTERFLY NET!


I'D BETTER HEAD FOR OPEN COUNTRY!

MEANWHILE, AT THE ESTATE OF LORD BIGSHOT...
SOME BLIGHTER HAS BEEN POACHING SALMON FROM MY RIVER, BLINKS. THERE'S A £5 BONUS FOR YOU IF YOU BAG HIM!
I'LL TRY, MY LORD.


GOSH! I CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF TODAY!


MAYBE I'LL LOSE HIM IN LORD BIGSHOT'S FARM!

BUT...
NO— HE'S STILL ON MY TAIL!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT! I'LL HAVE TO DIVE INTO THE RIVER!

I'M COMING IN AFTER YOU, MIGHTY MOTH!

SWISH!
SWOSH!

OOPS!
AH! THE SALMON POACHER!

YOW!
BANG!
WELL DONE, BLINKS!

BACK HOME...
WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN IN YOUR FAVOURITE ARMCHAIR, DAD?
I CAN'T!
HA! HA! THE GAMEKEEPER GOT £5 IN CASH AND DAD GOT FIVE POUND OF PELLETS IN HIS PANTS!

THE PINK PANTHER
THERE'S TOO MUCH NOISE NOWADAYS!
RAT-TAT-TAT TAT-TAT!
IT'S ABOUT TIME IT STOPPED. I'M GOING TO START AN ANTI-NOISE CAMPAIGN!
WHEEEEEEEE!
BUT...
STOP THAT ROW!
NOBODY'S TAKING A BIT OF NOTICE!
I'LL MAKE 'EM PAY ATTENTION!
SO...
COME TO THE 'STOP THAT ROW' CAMPAIGN AT THE STADIUM TONIGHT!
THAT EVENING...
THERE'S QUITE A CROWD ARRIVING TO LISTEN TO MY SPEECH!
TO MAKE SURE THEY HEAR, I'VE HAD A FEW LOUDSPEAKERS FITTED UP!
THERE'S TOO MUCH NOISE NOWADAYS!
STOP THAT ROW
IT'S UP TO US TO DEMAND...
STOP
SPEAK UP! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
I SAID 'YOUR VOICE CAN BE HEARD ALL OVER TOWN'!! SO SHUT UP!
STOP
YOU CAN'T STOP ME MAKING A ROW! I PAY MY TAXES AND I'LL MAKE AS MUCH NOISE AS I...
...LIKE!
HE'S CAUSING A PUBLIC NUISANCE! TAKE HIM IN, LADS!
SO...
ISN'T IT QUIET IN HERE? YOU COULD HEAR A PIN DROP!

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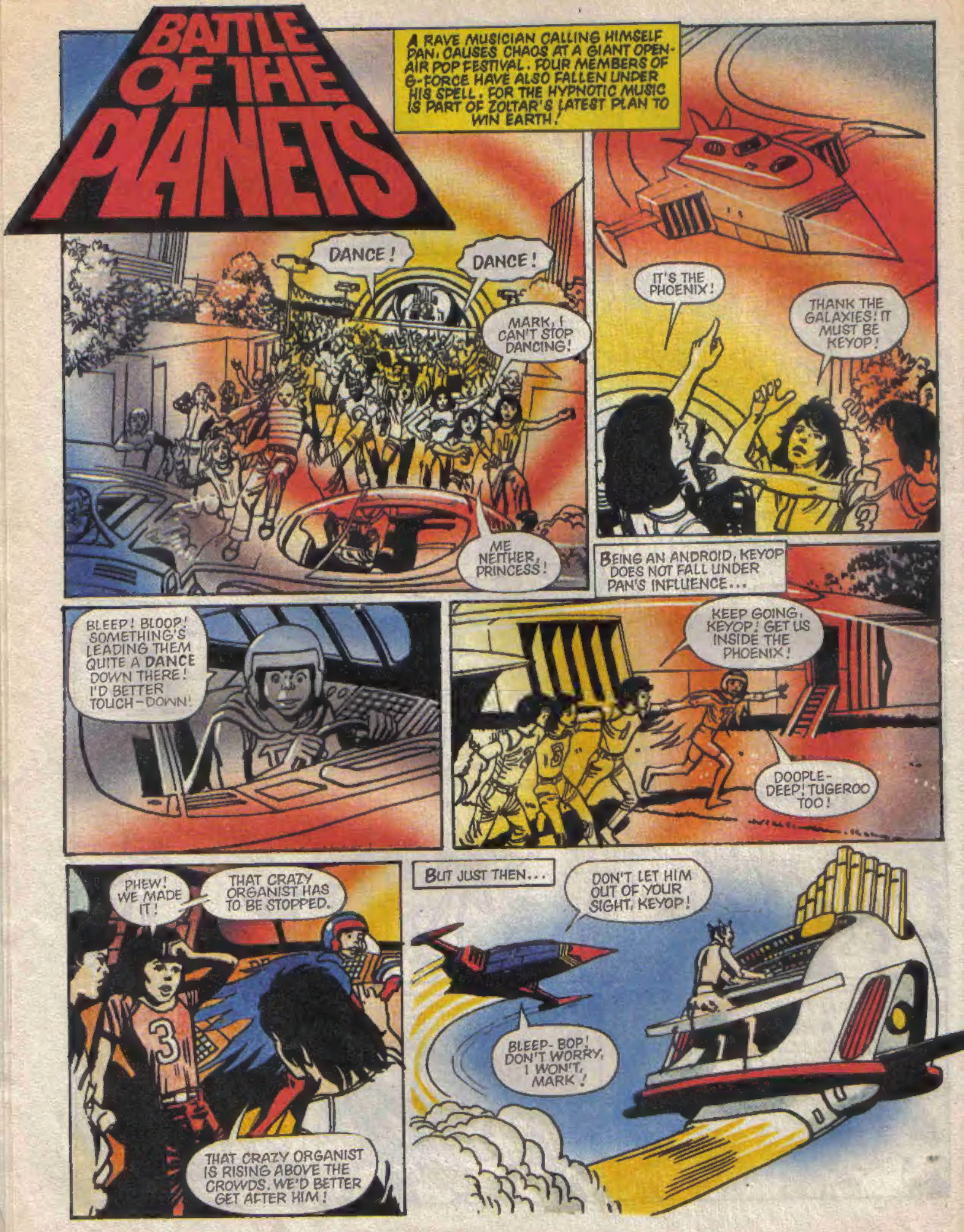
BATTLE OF THE PLANETS
A RAVE MUSICIAN CALLING HIMSELF PAN, CAUSES CHAOS AT A GIANT OPEN-AIR POP FESTIVAL. FOUR MEMBERS OF G-FORCE HAVE ALSO FALLEN UNDER HIS SPELL. FOR THE HYPNOTIC MUSIC IS PART OF ZOLTAR'S LATEST PLAN TO WIN EARTH!
DANCE!
DANCE!
MARK, I CAN'T STOP DANCING!
ME NEITHER, PRINCESS!
IT'S THE PHOENIX!
THANK THE GALAXIES! IT MUST BE KEYOP!
BEING AN ANDROID, KEYOP DOES NOT FALL UNDER PAN'S INFLUENCE...
BLEEP! BLOOP! SOMETHING'S LEADING THEM QUITE A DANCE DOWN THERE! I'D BETTER TOUCH-DOWN!
KEEP GOING, KEYOP! GET US INSIDE THE PHOENIX!
DOOPLE-DEEP! TUGEROO TOO!
PHEW! WE MADE IT!
THAT CRAZY ORGANIST HAS TO BE STOPPED.
THAT CRAZY ORGANIST IS RISING ABOVE THE CROWDS. WE'D BETTER GET AFTER HIM!
BUT JUST THEN...
DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, KEYOP!
BLEEP-BOP! DON'T WORRY, I WON'T, MARK!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW? WHAT DEVILMENT IS HE PLANNING NOW?
IT JUST HAS TO BE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ZOLTAR, I'LL GUESS!
DESCENDING THROUGH THE EYE OF A HURRICANE, ZOLTAR REACHES EARTH UNDETECTED...
WHILST MY MUSICAL ROBOT CAUSES CHAOS, WE WILL HIT EARTH WHERE IT HURTS MOST!
PAN AT HIS PIPES WILL KEEP ANY SECURITY FORCES BUSY. WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A DANCING DIVERSION.
THAT MUSIC!
LOOK OUT!
NOBODY CAN ESCAPE PAN'S FATAL MUSIC...
WHEN THE VOLUME INCREASES...
IT'S LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
AARGH!
THE TERRIBLE VIBRATIONS ARE CRACKING THE BUILDINGS!
WHAT CAN WE DO?
PAN MAY BE TOP OF THE CHARTS, BUT HE'S RISEN FAR ENOUGH! IT'S UP TO G-FORCE TO BRING HIM DOWN WITH A BANG!
CAN THE G-FORCE FOUR SUCCEED? SEE NEXT WEEK!

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The BISTO KIDS
A HUNDRED POUNDS! I WOULDN'T MIND WINNING THAT!
TALENT CONTEST
ENTER HERE
FIRST PRIZE £100
BINGO
DON'T WORRY, SON! I'LL FIX IT TO MAKE SURE YOU WIN!
HEY! LET'S ENTER!
DON'T BOTHER, KIDS! WHEN THE AUDIENCE HEAR ME PLAY THE PIANO, THEY'LL GO WILD!
TALENT CONTEST
ENTER HERE
SOON...
WE'RE THE LAST ACT BUT ONE!
AND I'M THE LAST ACT! THEY'LL LOVE ME WHEN I START TO PLAY!
GRR! I'D LIKE TO GET ONE OVER THAT BIG-HEAD!
PERHAPS WE CAN!
BINGO WEEKLY
LATER...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I, THE GREAT BISTO, WILL NOW SAW THE LADY IN HALF!
UNFORTUNATELY, WE HAVEN'T A BOX, SO INSTEAD WE'LL USE THIS PIANO!
THANK YOU!
CRASH!
HEH, HEH! NOW YOU... ER... JOIN THE LADY AND THE PIANO TOGETHER!
THE LADY, YES! BUT I HAVEN'T LEARNED HOW TO JOIN THE PIANO YET!
MY ACT!
MY PIANO!
WE DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE PRIZE!
THEATRE
NEVER MIND. WE STOPPED THAT BIG-HEAD FROM WINNING!

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The Inspector
HERE'S A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF MUGSY MILLER. GO AND BRING HIM IN, INSPECTOR!
SURE, CHIEF. CAN I HAVE THE KEYS TO THE CAR?
SORRY! THE DEPARTMENT HAS TO SAVE MONEY! YOU'LL HAVE TO USE THE BIKE!
PHEW! IT'S HARD WORK GETTING TO MUGSY'S PLACE!
AT LAST...
MUGSY MILLER (GASP!)... I HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST!
CLICK!
WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE NICK ON THAT BIKE WITH HANDCUFFS ON! WE'D BETTER USE MY CAR!
BUT...
I CAN'T STOP!
BANGER RACING ENTRANCE
CRASH!
CRUNCH!
AT LAST...
EXIT
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS WE'RE OUT OF THERE!
CRASH! BANG!
AND WE'RE SLOWING DOWN AT LAST
BUT..
YOU'LL BE RECEIVING A BILL FOR THE DAMAGE HE'S DONE TO MY CAR!
GRR! AND WHERE'S THE BIKE?
HEH-HEH! IT'S OKAY, CHIEF! I PUT IT IN THE BOOT!
JM
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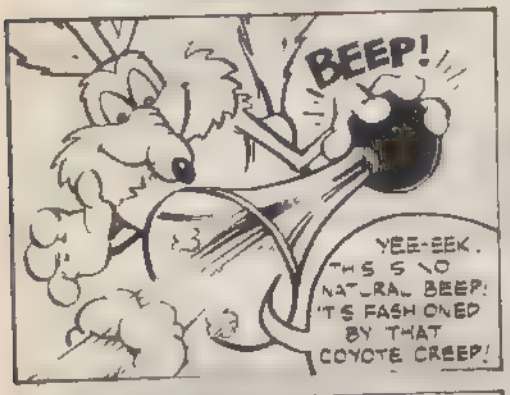
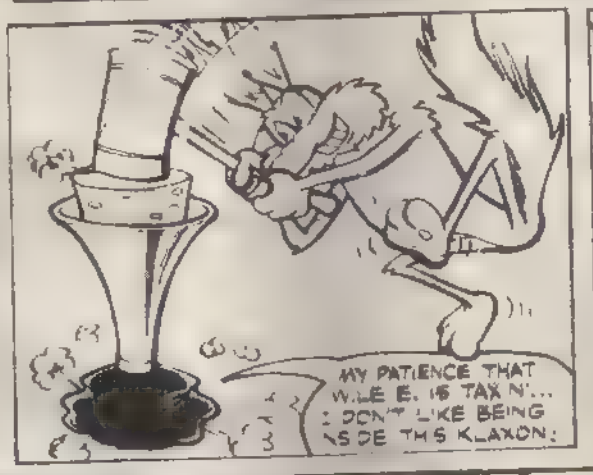
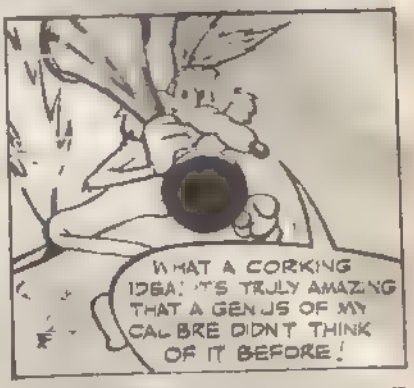
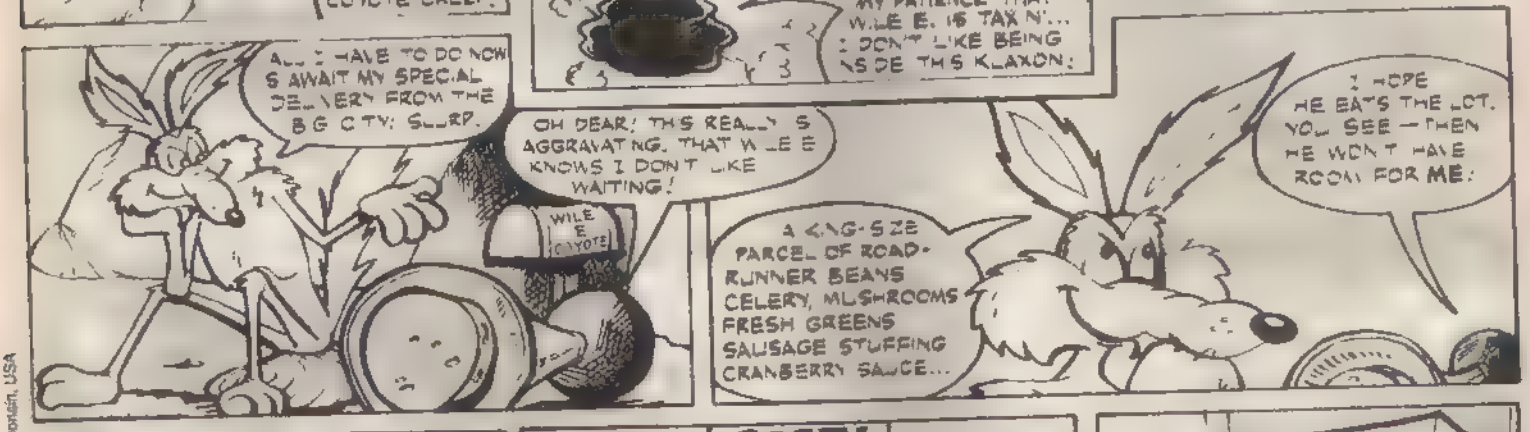
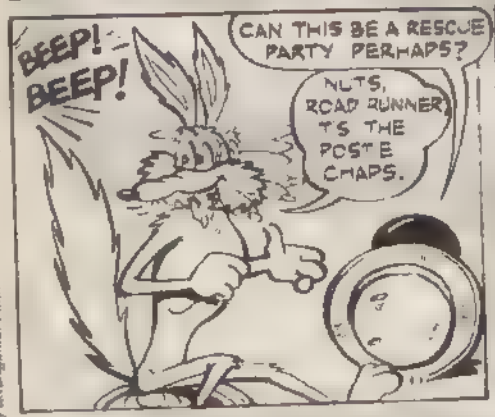
BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER

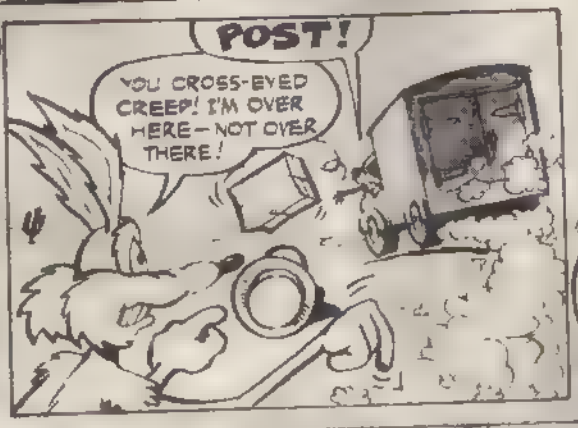


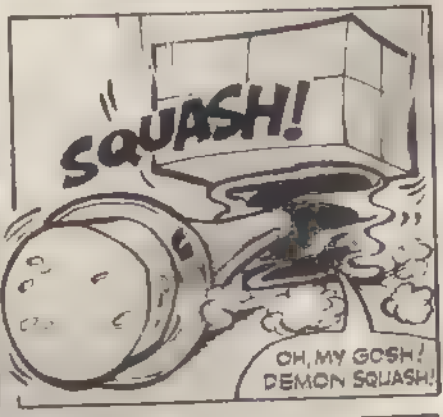


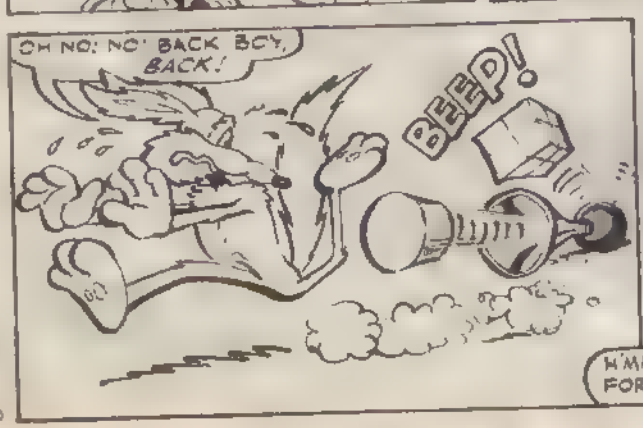


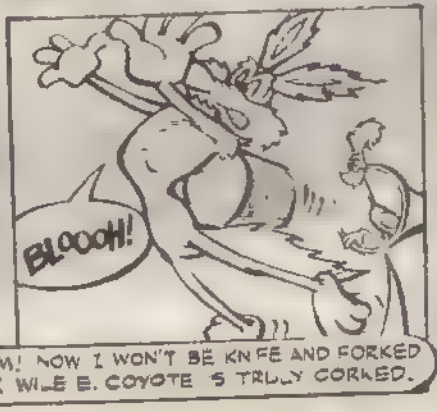

ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS AWAIT MY SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM THE BIG CITY! SLURP.
OH DEAR! THIS REALLY IS AGGRAVATING. THAT WILE E KNOWS I DON'T LIKE WAITING!
WILE E. COYOTE
A KING-SIZE PARCEL OF ROAD-RUNNER BEANS CELERY, MUSHROOMS FRESH GREENS SAUSAGE STUFFING CRANBERRY SAUCE...
I HOPE HE EATS THE LOT. YOU SEE — THEN HE WON'T HAVE ROOM FOR ME!

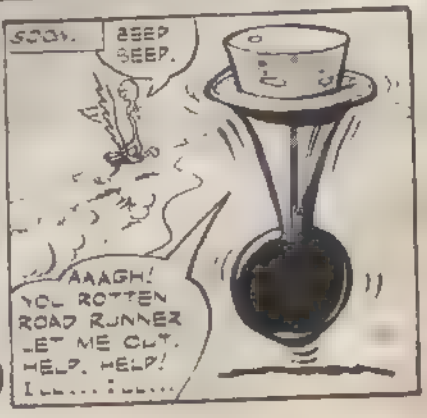












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LETTERS and LAUGHS

£5 PRIZE FOR THE STAR LETTER PLUS £1 FOR EVERY OTHER ONE PUBLISHED!

Send your letters, photographs, and jokes to: Letters and Laughs, TV Comic, P.O. Box 91, London W2 1EP.

★STAR LETTER

Dear Editor,
I am writing to tell you about an incident which happened with 5 baby hedgehogs a few years ago. I was in the treehouse with my brother Simon when we saw that some children from across the field had some baby hedgehogs in a box. They were returning them to the field because their Jack Russell dog had taken them home.

While the children went in for tea the little dog started to attack the hedgehogs. It killed one, so Simon scared the dog away and he rescued the other babies. We never found any traces of the mother. We presumed she either ran away or was killed.

Dad put the babies in the greenhouse and we reared the hedgehogs. We fed

them with milk until they were able to eat solid food. Simon and I dug up worms, and found slugs and beetles out of the garden for the hedgehogs.

We also fed them on minced meat and scraps. We kept them through the winter as they were so small. They hibernated in dried leaves which we collected and put in the greenhouse for them. We let them free in the Spring. We have found traces of hedgehogs in our garden this Spring. Perhaps they are the grown up babies of our hedgehogs.

Rebecca Manning (10), Burton on Trent.

LETTERS

Dear Editor,
My Godmother's son, Philip, was very funny when he was little. He made her breakfast in bed and he was cooking the toast. When he took it out he dropped it and washed it under the tap. When he took it up my Godmother said, "What is the matter with this toast? It is wet." Philip said, "I have washed it under the tap." She could not stop laughing!

Nicola McNulty (9), Sheffield.

Perhaps he's heard someone talking about drinking a toast, Nicola!

From Tommy Conroy, Stockport.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Dear Editor,
I thought you might like to hear a funny incident about my grandad. He had bought a record with Slim Whitman singing on it. When he got it home though, a lady sang all the songs. So he took it back. The lady at the shop gave him another record and my grandad played that one at home, and a lady still sang. He played it to my Dad, who said, "Perhaps if you put your record player on the right speed it might be better!"

Dionne Wiles, Gosport.

That must be something of a record, Dionne.

LAUGHS

Mary had a little lamb
Which caused a great big row
Among the animals on the farm—
Mary was a cow!

A poem from Joanne Snape, Northfield.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

From Leo Philomin, Highbury, London.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Where do flying saucers come from?
Answer: Angry mothers in a kitchen.
Why do cats purr?
Answer: They don't know how to laugh.
Why do people eat cereals?
Answer: They wouldn't like to miss an episode.

Jokes from Glyn Gallego, Cardiff.

POPEYE'S SEA CHEST

Two new large paperbacks about Popeye are available.

Popeye: The First Fifty Years, is by Bud Sagendorf, who took over doing the Popeye strip from E. C. Segar, the creator of the one-eyed sailor. He says in the introduction that his book tends to treat the cartoon characters as real people. 'Expect no apologies from the author', he says, for doing this. 'They *are* real people. My family and I have lived with them day and night for most of our lives. Their problems have been our problems, and at times, ours have been theirs.'

Popeye, Olive, Wimpy and the others do not need bringing to life. Bud Sagendorf tells us the 50 year history of the Popeye comic strip, provides information about the characters, and tells of Popeye in films and his popularity throughout the world. The book is full of illustrations by the author, many in full colour, and reproduces some of the early Popeye strips, such as the one showing Swee'pea's first appearance.

Popeye: the story book based on the movie, by Stephanie Spinner, is an enjoyable retelling of the film story about how Popeye comes to Sweethaven looking for his long lost Pappy. The full colour photographs were especially taken while the film was being shot, and are better than film stills.

Popeye: The First Fifty Years, is published by Virgin Books at £3.95, and *Popeye: the story based on the movie* is an Armada Book, price £1.95.

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TV TERRORS
CAN'T YOU ACT YOUR AGE? HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU...? NO AUTOGRAPHS
OH!
OOH!
YKES!
WHUMP!
HOPPIT'S RIGHT! A GIRL OF MY AGE SHOULD BE PLAYING HOUSE OR DOCTORS OR SOMETHING!
LUMME! OLD HOPPIT'S PUT MONICA OFF AT LAST!
BACK HOME..
I'LL BE A NURSE AND TAKE THE KIDDIES FOR WALKIES!
WE'RE NOT PLAYING AT NURSES... THAT'S FOR CISSIES!
PLEASE YOURSELVES! SNIFF!
GOSH, A LITTLE NURSE.. PERHAPS YOU COULD HELP ME, MISSY?
?
IT'S MY BIG TOE! IT'S RATHER TENDER.. I THINK I'VE BEEN DOING TOO MUCH BOOTING!
HMM! IT DOES LOOK RATHER SORE!
TELL ME IF THIS HURTS, WILL YOU? HEH! HEH!
BASH!
HMM! I RECKON IT DID HURT!
CRUNK!
GNN!
TWEET! TWEET!
GOO-GOO! GAA-GAA! MAMMA MAMMA!
LUMME! THAT BUMP ON THE HEAD HAS MADE HOPPIT THINK HE'S A KID AGAIN!
DADDA, DADDA, NICE DADDA
PRODUCER
WHAT... WHAT ON EARTH'S HOPPIT PLAYING AT?
I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE HOPPIT HOME UNTIL HE RECOVERS FROM THAT BUMP ON THE HEAD!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, MISTER PRODUCER!
HO! HO! AND LOOK WHO WAS TELLING US TO ACT OUR AGE!
HE! HE! HE!
I HAD A FEELING THAT PLAYING NURSES WOULD BE FUN! HA! HA! HA!
GOO-GOO-GOO!

BUZBY
HI, BENNY! IT'S A FINE DAY! HOW ABOUT US PUTTING OUR SWIMMING COSTUMES ON AND GOING DOWN TO THE BEACH?
NO, THANKS!
WHENEVER I PUT MY COSTUME ON, IT ALWAYS RAINS! EVERY TIME! NEVER FAILS!
OH, WELL! I'LL JUST STAY HERE AND ENJOY THE SUNSHINE!
?
COUGH! CHOKE! GRR! ROWDY ROOK HAS LIT A BONFIRE!
HEY, ROWDY! CHOKE! PUT THAT FIRE OUT!
GRR! HE'S PUTTING MORE RUBBISH ON JUST TO ANNOY ME!
BENNY? THIS IS BUZBY! COME OVER RIGHT AWAY WEARING YOUR COSTUME!
SOON...
WHAT'S THE IDEA, BUZBY?
STAND OVER THERE BY THAT FENCE!
AND...
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IT ALWAYS RAINS WHEN I PUT MY COSTUME ON!
I KNOW! AND IT'S PUT ROWDY'S BONFIRE OUT!

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POPEYE
SPINACH
I'LL SOON BE SAILIN' TO THE TROPICS, DOC, SO I NEEDS AN INJECTION!
MOVE ASIDE, YA SEA-FARIN' SWAB! I NEEDS TO SEE THE DOC!
I WAS HERE FIRST!
YEAH! BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
IT'S MY KNEE, DOC!
WHAT AGAIN?
SOON...
THANKS, DOC— IT'S FEELIN' BETTER ALREADY!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK HE'S BEEN IN WITH A DAMAGED KNEE...
...BUT HE WON'T TELL ME HOW IT HAPPENED!
THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU FIT WHILE YOU'RE AWAY, POPEYE!
THANKS, DOC!
YEOWCH!
WELL, I'LL BE...!
HEY, DOC! I'VE DISCOVERED WHY BRUTUS KEEPS COMING TO SEE YA ABOUT HIS KNEE!
HE KEEPS TEASIN' SWEE'PEA, AN THA LIL' KID CAN'T REACH ABOVE KNEE HIGH! ARF-ARF!
OW!
SOCK!
MEVIN

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